In Recital

Tracy Fehr, soprano

assisted by
Judy Loewen, piano

Sunday, February 25, 2001 at 8:00 pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

Motet (1713-17) — Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)
- Aria: Nulla in mundo pax sincera
- Recit: Blando colore oculos mundus decepit
- Aria: Spirat anguis

Jeremy Tusz, viola
Rebecca Schellenberg, violin

From *The Creation* (1798) — Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)
- Recit: And God said, Let the earth
- Air: With verdure clad

Notre Amour — Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Après un Rêve

Oh! quand je dors (1841-42) — Franz Liszt (1811-86)
Kling leise, mein Lied(1839)

From *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (1782) — Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
- Welche Wonne, welche Lust

Intermission

From *Messiah* (1742) — George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
- Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion

Per pieta, bell'idol mio — Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
Ma rendi pur contento

From *Rigoletto* (1851) — Guiseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
- Caro nome

Plenty Good Room (Spiritual) — arr. Edward Boatner

Swing Low. Sweet Chariot(Spiritual)

From Porgy and Bess (1935) — George Gershwin (1898-1937)
- Summertime

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Fehr.

Ms Fehr is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award, a Peace River Pioneer Award, and a Edmonton Opera Guild Award, and wishes to express her appreciation for these awards.
She also wishes to thank her accompanist, Judy Loewen, and special guests, Jeremy Tusz and Rebecca Schellenberg.

Translations

Nulla in mundo pax sincera/Not of the world, with sincerity
The singer acknowledges to Jesus that in the midst of life's pains, torments and bitterness the only hope of true peace lies in Him.
Translated by Paul Everett, ed.

Blando colore oculos mundus decepit/Spirat anguis/Hidden lies to deceive the world/spirit
The recitative and aria warn of the specious beauty of the world in which the Tempter, with subtle art, seeks to trick us with superficial and poisonous pleasures.

Notre Amour/Our love
Our love is a light thing
Like the perfumes which the wind
Lifts from the top of the fern
To be inhaled in dreaming.
Our love is a light thing,
Our love is a thing with charm,
Like the songs of the morn,
With no expression of regret,
In which vibrates an uncertain hope...
Our love is a charming thing!
Our love is a sacred thing
Like the mysteries of a forest,
Where a strange soul is trembling,
Where stillness has a voice;
Our love is a sacred thing!
Our love is an infinite thing,
Like the paths of sunsets,
Where the sea united with the skies,
Slumbers under declining suns;
Our love is an eternal thing,
Like all things that Almighty God
Has touched with the fire of his song,
Like all that comes from the heart;
Our love is an eternal thing!

Après un Rêve/After the dream
In a slumber charmed by your image
I dreamed of happiness, ardent mirage;
Your eyes were more tender, your voice pure and clear.
You were radiant like a sky brightened by sunrise;
You were calling me, and I left the earth
To flee with you towards the light;
The skies opened their clouds for us,
Splendors unknown, glimpses of divine light...
Alas! Alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I call to you, oh night, give me back your illusions;
Return, return with your radiance,
Return, oh mysterious night!

Oh! Quand je dors/O, in my sleep
O in my dreams let me see thee before me,
As to Petrarch Laura came in days of yore.
And let a breath from thy lips hover o'er me,
That peace returning be mine once more.
On my sad brow, which some grief is oppressing,
Some evil dream, by which I'm held captive,
O cast one glance from those eyes so caressing,
And all my sorrow will be dispelled.
Bend to my lips as a vision from heaven,
Become a woman, angel that thou art!
Place there a kiss, and love so gladly given
Shall leap to flame within my heart.
O come! as Laura came to Petrarch of yore!

Translation by ed. Carl Armbruster

Kling leise, mein Lied/Sound softly, my song
Sound softly, my song through the silence of the night,
Sound softly so as not to awaken my dearly beloved;
Move carefully to her window and open it,
Sound softly and do not awaken her.
Sound softly and gently so she will not awaken.
Hug her tenderly as the vines surround a tree,
With love, surrounded with dreams of blossoms,
And sing as the Nightingale sings to the rose,
His sweet sounding serenade.
Awaken her not with too stormy a greeting;
Step carefully upward like the pilgrim who steps
Toward the temple gates, and sound your greeting
As a soft prayer.

Translation by Harold Wiens

Welche Wonne, welche Lust/What delight, what pleasure
What delight, what pleasure lies within my heart;
I want to leap for joy, for the good news that I am bringing,
which makes me laugh with gladness,
To her weak, sickly heart, will bring her
Comfort and joy.

Translated by Harold Wiens

Per pieta, bell'idol mio/Have pity my beautiful idol
Have pity, my beautiful idol,
I do not speak ungratefully.
Unhappy and faint, disheartened, my art of heaven was.
If faithful you are to me, you will illumine me with your great love;
You are my heart.

Ma rendi pur contento/But first make the heart of my beloved happy
But first make the heart of my beloved happy
And I forgive you, love,
If mine is not.
I fear her alarms more than my own,
For I live more in her than I live in myself.

Caro nome/Beloved name
Gualtier Malde! Name of him so beloved,
Engraved upon my heart, loving forever.
Dearest name to my heart,
The first to make it beat;
The delights of your love will always remain with me.
With thoughts of desire, to you always will fly,
Even to my last sigh.